THE NEW

WHIM OF THE NIGHT;

OR THE

TOWN AND COUNTRY

SONGSTER

(FOR 1797.)

CONTAINING

A CHOICE COLLECTION

OF THE

MOST APPROVED SONGS

SUNG at the THEATRES ROYAL

Vauxhall, Sadler's Wells, | Astley's Amphitheatre, Royal Circus, &c.

To which is added

THE TOAST MASTER'S COMPANION.

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(Price One Shilling.)

W N H
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HARDING

THE NEW

WHIM OF THE NIGHT:

(FOR 1797.)

Songs, Glee and Duett, from the OPERA of the
IRON CHEST.

GLEE—by Mr. SUETT, Maſter WELSH, M
GRANGER, and Signora STORACE.

FIVE times, by the Taper's light,
The hour-glaſs I have turn'd, to night.
Where's Father?
He's gone out to roam;—
If he have luck,
He'll bring a buck,
Upon his luſty ſhoulder's home.
Home! home?
He comes not home!
Hark! from the woodland vale below
The diſtant clock ſounds dull and ſlow
Bome! Bome! Bome!

SONG.—Mr. Dodd.

SIR Marmaduke was a hearty knight;
Good man! Old man!
He's painted ſtanding bolt upright,
With his hoſe roll'd over his knee;—
His Perriwig's as white as chalk;
And on his fiſt he holds a hawk;
And he looks like the head
Of an ancient Family.

His dining-room was long and wide;
Good man! Old man!
His ſpaniels lay by the fire-ſide;
And in other parts, d'ye ſee,
Croſs-bows, tobacco-pipes, old hats,
A ſaddle, his wife, and a litter of cats;—
And he look'd like the head
Of an ancient Family.

He never turn'd the poor from his gate;
Good man! Old man!
But always ready to break the pate
Of his Country's enemy.
What knight could do a better thing
Than ſerve the poor, and fight for his King!
And ſo may every head
Of an ancient Family.

DUETT.—Mr. Bannister, Jun. and Signora Storace.

SWEET little Barbara, when you are advancing,
Sweet little Barbara, my cares you remove.
Poor little Barbara can feel her heart dancing,
When little Barbara is met by her love.

Shou'd

Shou'd I be griev'd love, ah! what would you f

———Tattle to you love
And prattle to you love,
And laugh your grief and care away.

{Poor little Barbara can feel her heart dancing,
When little Barbara is met by her love,
Sweet little Barbara, when you are advancing
O, ſweet little Barbara my cares you remove

Yet deareſt Barbara, look all through the nation
Care ſoon or late my love is every man's lot.

Sorrow and melancholy, grief, and vexation,
When we are young and jolly, ſoon are forg

Should I be griev'd love, ah! what what would
ſay?

———Tattle to you love,
And prattle to you love,
And laugh your cares and grief away.

{Poor little Barbara, &c. &c.
Sweet little Barbara, &c. &c.

SONG.—Mr. KELLY.

WHEN the robber his victim has noted,
When the free-booter [illegible]
Let Humanity ſpare the devoted,
Let Mercy forbid him to ſlay.

ince my hope is by penury blighted,
My ſword muſt the traveller daunt;
will ſnatch from the rich man, benighted,
The gold he denies to my want.

But the victim when, once, I have noted,
At my foot, when I look on my prey,
Let Humanity ſpare the devoted;
Let mercy forbid me to ſlay.

SONG.—Mr. Suett.

A TAVELLER ſtop'd at a widow's gate,
She kept an inn, and he wanted to bait;
But the landlady ſlighted her gueſt:
For, when Nature was making an ugly race,
She certainly moulded this traveller's face,
As a ſample for all the reſt.

The chambermaid's ſides they were ready to crack,
When ſhe ſaw his queer noſe, and the hump at his back;——
A hump isn't handſome, no doubt,
And, though 'tis confeſs'd that the prejudice goes,
Very ſtrongly, in favour of wearing a noſe,
Yet a noſe ſhouldn't look like a ſnout.

A bag full of gold on the table he laid,
That had a wond'rous effect on the widow and maid!
And they quickly grew marvellous civil,
The money immediately alter'd the caſe!
They were charm'd with his hump, and his ſnout, and his face,
Tho' he ſtill might have frighten'd the devil.

He

He paid like a prince, gave the widow a ſmack,
Then flop'd on his horſe, at the door, like a ſack;
While the landlady touching the chink,
Cried—"Sir, ſhould you travel this country again,
" I heartily hope that the ſweeteſt of men
" Will ſtop at the widow's to drink."

DUETT.—Mr. SUETT, Signora STORACE.

FROM break of the morning, were I with my love,
I'd talk till the evening drew nigh;
And, when the day did cloſe,
I'd ſing him to repoſe;
And tune my love a lullaby.

From break of the morning, were I with my love,
O! long ere the evening drew nigh,
Her talk would make me doſe,
Till the muſick of my noſe
Would play my love a lullaby.

Our children around us, I'd look on my love,
Each moment in rapture would fly:

But love is apt to pall,
When the brats begin to ſquall,
And a wife is ſcreaming lullaby.

From break of the morning, &c.

SONG.

SONG.—Signora STORACE.

DOWN by the river, there grows a green willow;
Sing all for my true love! my true love, O!
I'll weep out the night there, the bank for my pillow:
And all for my true love, my true love O!

When bleak blows the wind, and tempeſts are beating,
I'll count all the clouds, as I mark them retreating,
For true lovers joys, well-a-day! are as fleeting,
Sing, O for my true love! &c.

Maids come, in pity, when I am departed;
Sing all for my true love! my true love, O!
When dead on the bank, I am found broken hearted,
And all for my true love, my true love, O!

Make me a grave, all while the wind's blowing,
Cloſe to the ſtream, where my tears once were flowing,
And over my corſe keep the green willow growing.
'Tis all for my true love, &c.

FAVOURITE NEW SONGS,

Sung at Vauxhall, &c.

THE SOLDIER.

Sung by Mr. DENHAM.

NED oft had brav'd the field of battle,
Had oft endur'd the keeneſt woe—
Had been where deep-mouth'd cannons rattle,
And oft been wounded by the foe.

His

His heart was kind—to fear a ſtranger,
The name of Briton was his pride;
He nobly ſcorn'd to ſhrink from danger,
And on the bed of honour died.
For, ſaid Ned, what e'er befalls,
A Briton ſcorns to flinch or whine;
He'll chearful go where duty calls,
And brave all ills, but ne'er repine.

Ned lov'd ſincere the charming Kitty:
She ſaw with tears her ſoldier go,
And pray'd kind heav'n to grant her pity,
And ſhield her Edward from the foe.
My love, he cried, thy grief give over;
Thoſe tears diſgrace a ſoldier's bride;
But hapleſs Kitty loſt her lover,
Who on the bed of honour died.
For, ſaid Ned, &c.

Tho' war's dread tempeſt flew around him,
Tho' diſmal groans aſſail'd his ear,
Firm in her int'reſt Honour found him,
Un-us'd to ſhame, untaught by fear.
Such was his valour, ſuch his merit—
His country's welfare was his pride,
He, pierc'd by wounds, maintain'd his ſpirit,
And on the bed of honour died.
For, ſaid. Ned, &c.

THE SHEPHERD's WIFE's SO[illegible]

AH, what is love?—It is a pretty thing,
As ſweet unto a ſhepherd as a king,
And ſweeter too;

For

For kings have cares that wait upon a crown;
And cares can make the ſweeteſt love to frown.
Ah, then—ah, then.
If country loves ſuch ſweet deſires do gain,
What lady would not love a ſhepherd ſwain?
His flocks are folded, he comes home at night,
As merry as a king in his delight,
And merrier too;
For kings bethink them what the ſtate require,
While ſhepherds, careleſs, carol by the fire:
Ah, then—ah, then,
If country loves, &c.
He kiſſeth firſt, then ſits as blythe to eat
His cream and curds, as doth the king his meat,
And blither too;
For kings have often fears when they do ſup,
While ſhepherds dread no poiſon in the cup:
Ah, then—ah, then,
If country loves, &c.
To bed he gets, as wanton then, I ween,
As is a king in dalliance with a queen,
More wanton too;
For kings have many griefs their ſouls to move,
While ſhepherds have no greater grief than love:
Ah, then—ah, then,
If country loves, &c.
Upon his couch of ſtraw he ſleeps as ſound,
As doth the king upon his bed of down,
And ſounder too;
For cares cauſe kings full oft their ſleep to ſpill,
Where weary ſhepherds lie and ſleep their fill:
Ah, then—ah, then,
If country loves, &c.

Thus

Thus, with his wife, he ſpends the year as blithe,
As doth the king at ev'ry tyde or ſyth,
And blither too;
For kings have wars and broils to take in hand,
While ſhepherds laugh and love upon the land:
Ah, then—ah, then,
If country loves, &c.

THE BLACKBIRD.

Sung by Maſter WELSH.

'TWAS on a bank of daiſies ſweet,
A lovely maiden ſigh'd;
The little lambs play'd at her feet,
While ſhe in ſorrow cry'd,
"Where is my love, where can he ſtray?"
When thus a blackbird ſung,
"Sweet, ſweet, ſweet, ſweet! he will not ſtay!"
The air with muſic rung!

"Ah! mock me not, bold bird," ſhe ſaid,
"And, why, pray, tarry here?
"Doſt thou bemoan ſome youngling fled,
"Or haſt thou loſt thy dear?
"Doſt thou lament his abſence, ſay?"
Again the blackbird ſung,
"Sweet, ſweet, &c.

"Sing on," ſhe cry'd, "thou charming bird!
"Thoſe dulcet ſtrains repeat!
"No muſic e'er like thine was heard,
"So truly ſweet, ſweet, ſweet!

" Oh! that my love was here to day!"
Once more the blackbird ſung,
" Sweet, ſweet, ſweet, ſweet! he comes this way!"
The air with muſic rung!

ALL ON BOARD OF A MAN OF WAR.

Compoſed by Mr HOOK.—Sung by Mr DIGNUM.

WOULD you know, pretty Nan, how we paſs our time
While we ſailors are toſs'd on the ſea?
Why, believe me, my girl, in each ſeaſon and clime,
True-hearted and merry we be.
Tho' tempeſts may blow, ſtill unmindful of care,
So the fiddles but ſtrike up a bar,
Why, we ſing and we dance, toaſt our ſweethearts, and ſwear,
All on board of a man of war.

Shou'd the foe bear in ſight, and all hands call'd on deck,
Don't think jolly ſailors are cow'd.
No—we'll teach them the Old Britiſh flag to reſpect,
And bid them defiance aloud.
Then to it like lions perhaps we may go.
What then? do we whine at a ſcar?
No—we ſing and we fight till we take her in tow,
All on board of a man of war.

As for this thing and that, which the lubbers on ſhore
Wou'd fain make our laſſes believe,
Why, d'ye ſee, it's palaver my girl, nothing more:
So Nan, pretty Nan, do not grieve;

No

No danger can ever our courage affright,
Or ſhake the true love of a tar;
And wherever ſteering, we ſtill feel delight,
All on board of a man of war.

TO THE MAID I LOVE BEST.

Sung by Maſter WELSH.

CUPID, gentle charming boy,
Gentle god, befriend my pray'r!
Turn my boſom's grief to joy!
Love alone ſhould triumph here.
Since thy vot'ry ſworn am I,
Grant a lover one requeſt:
Bear a tear and bear a ſigh,
To the maid that I love beſt.

Softly whiſper in her ear,
How for her alone I burn;
Tell her, by that ſigh and tear,
Love like mine ſhould meet return,
Then, to certify my bliſs,
Then to make me truly bleſt,
Bring me back a tender kiſs,
From the maid that I love beſt.

Venus then ſhall thee repay
With a thouſand kiſſes ſweet!
Then my ſonnet, night and day,
Shall thy victory repeat!
Haſte, then, haſte, on wings of ſpeed,
Haſte, and calm my ruffled breaſt;
Bear the charge to thee decreed,
To the maid that I love beſt.

ELLEN's FATE DESERVES A TEAR.

Sung by Maſter WELSH.

IN life's fair morn a maiden gay,
Meek Ellen, wander'd light and free,
Where pleaſure wing'd the ſhining day,
Among the flowr'y wilds of Dee;
In beauty like the vernal ſcene,
Like balmy gales her mind ſerene;
Till luckleſs love her heart oppreſt,
And baniſh'd from her boſom reſt.

Now ſhe warbles, ſoft and low,
Madrigals of plaintive woe.
Hear the tale, in pity hear:
Ellen's fate deſerves a tear.

The ſhepherd's idol and delight,
In pride of youth the virgin ſhone,
Their theme by day, and dream by night;—
Why wonder that ſhe was undone?

Thine, Lubin, was the cruel deed,
That caus'd her tender heart to bleed,
The victim yet of hopeleſs care,
Then torn with anguiſh and deſpair,
Still ſhe warbles, &c.

A penſive pilgrim doom'd to ſtray,
Her ſtrains a ſettled grief impart;
But ſtill the love-lamenting lay
Is ſoothing to the mourner's heart.

Her ſongs no more from frenzy flow;
Her wildneſs now is chang'd to woe,
Which ſtill delights, in tuneful lays,
To ſing of love and happier days.
Now ſhe warbles, &c.

THE

THE GIRL OF MY HEART.

By Mr. CARLISLE.—Sung by Mr. DIGNUM.

HOW ſweet is the breeze at eve's modeſt hour,
When it murmurs yon lime trees among;
When the blackbird and thruſh ſo enchantingly pour
Their melodious ſweetneſs of ſong;
When ſlowly adown from the warm glowing weſt,
The bright ſun is ſeen to depart;
When all paſſions but love are huſh'd into reſt,
I fly to the girl of my heart.

My Anna is gentle, is loving and kind;
Her boſom true ſympathy warms;
Enchanting alike are her perſon and mind;
Each poſſeſſes a portion of charms:
For a maiden ſo lovely, a charmer ſo bright,
Who uſes no coquettiſh art,
I reſign all the trifles that others delight,
And fly to the girl of my heart.

Her eyes that ſo languidly ſpeak ſoft deſire,
Her cheeks that ſo rival the roſe,
In my boſom the ſofteſt emotions inſpire,
And charm my fond heart to repoſe:
And when her ſweet accents enraptur'd I hear,
Thro' my ſoul they ſo thrillingly dart;
Oh! what ſounds of ſweet melody ſtrike my rapt ear,
When I meet the ſweet girl of my heart!

'TIS HENRY I LOVE.

By Mr. Fox.—Sung by Mrs. Franklin.

HOW happy my days ere my love left the plain!
The pride of the village, I fear, will be ſlain.
Tho' fortune ne'er ſhone on his humble retreat,
He was happier far than the gay and the great.
But alas, the dear youth is doom'd far to rove,
And left me to wander alone in the grove;
Yet firm on his honour and truth I'll rely:
'Tis Henry I love, and will love till I die.

Tho' fate has depriv'd me of him I adore,
I'll not prove inconſtant for thouſands in ſtore;
For I'm teaz'd night and day by men of great wealth:
But what is it all to the bleſſing of health?
Tho they ſwear that their love ſhall never decay,
I'm not quite ſo weak to believe what they ſay;
Or, were they ſincere, I'd be equally ſhy:
'Tis Henry I love, and will love till I die.

As I ſtray through the grove, I ſing of my ſwain,
And oft by the murmuring ſtream I complain;
Wherever I rove, over hill or o'er dale,
I think on my love, and his abſence bewail:
Oh! may the kind pow'rs waft him ſafe to his home!
May his country's cauſe ne'er more cauſe him to roam.
Then bleſt with my ſwain never more will I ſigh:
'Tis Henry I love, and will love till I die.

TOM

TOM TRIGGER's ADIEU.

Written by Mr. VINT.—Sung by Mr. DENMAN.

HARK, hark, the loud drum calls the ſoldiers away?
Adieu, my dear charmer, for time's on the wing;
'Tis glory invites, and I proudly obey,
To fight in defence of my country and king:
But faithful and true to their cauſe will I prove,
Amidſt the dread battle I'll think of my Nan;
For he who deſerts from the ſtandard of love,
Proves plainly his life's a mere flaſh in the pan.

In Britain's bleſt iſle, ſo renown'd for its fair,
The fame of a ſoldier is thus underſtood,
That while he can conquer, he's eager to ſpare,
And ſtop the effuſion of innocent blood.
Tho' fearleſs and bold in the field he can prove,
Humanity forms the grand baſe of his plan:
But he who deſerts from the ſtandard of love,
Proves plainly his life's a mere flaſh in the pan.

In defence of Old England I'll glory to fall,
If orders for that ſhould be ſent from above;
But Fortune, who frequently ſmiles on us all,
May kindly reſtore honeſt Tom to his love.
I'll then to the ſtandard of Hymen repair,
And under his banners enliſt with my Nan;
For he who deſerts from the cauſe of the fair,
Proves plainly his life's a mere flaſh in the pan.

THE WAY TO GET MARRIED.

By Mr. UPTON.—Sung by Mrs. FRANKLIN.

COME hither, ye belles, aye and likewiſe ye beaus,—
Come hither, and mind what I have to expreſs;
'Tis the way to get married," I mean to diſcloſe,
A way of ſome moment, you all muſt confeſs.
Phyſicians, 'tis known, for advice claim a fee:
But I, oh! I'm not by ſelf-intereſt carried,
And ſo you are welcome to my recipe.
Which is, if you like it, "the way to get married."

Now, lovers, attend, and I hope there's ſome here,
Don't trifle too long about this thing or that;
But when you are bent on an object ſo dear,
Let prudence direct you, and mind what you're at.
To love, and be lov'd, is the higheſt of joy:
Then be not, I beg, by indifference carried;
Let honour and truth all your actions employ,
Which is, if you like it "the way to get married."

Tho' money may ſometimes be deem'd very well,
Yet riches can never true pleaſure impart;
'Tis love, and love only, each care can repel;
'Tis love, and love only, that conquers the heart,
Then make it your ſtudy to follow my plan,
All you who live ſingle, and too long have tarried;
Court with zeal, like true lovers, as ſoon as you can,
Which is, if you like it, "the way to get married."

BONNY

BONNY JEM THAT'S O'ER THE SEA.

By Mr. ANDERSON.—Sung by Mrs. FRANKLIN.

YOUNG Jemmy was a highland lad,
That oft times croſs'd the bourn to me;
He wore the bonnet, trows, and plaid,
Wi' garters green below the knee.
Of a' the ſhepherds weſt the Tweed,
By ilka one it is agreed,
There's nane cou'd tune the oaten reed,
Like bonny Jem that's o'er the ſea.

May ill befa' the ſilly loons
That ſent young Jemmy far from me;
How dreary now are a the towns,
Where ſhepherds pip'd ſo merrily!
How waefu' now upon the plain,
Where younkers danc'd wi' hearts ſo fain!
But now ilk laſſie mourns her ſwain,
And ſighs for him that's o'er the ſea.

When laſt we met! ah! luckneſs morn,
'Twas underneath the green-wood tree;
But ſoon he frae my arms was torn,
Juſt as vow'd to marry me.
Yet when the cruel wars are o'er,
And ſhepherds hail their native ſhore,
I hope to meet and part no more
Wi' bonny Jem that's o'er the ſea.

THE

THE SHEPHERD'S BOY.

Sung by Maſter WELSH.

ONCE friends I had, but ah! too ſoon
Death robb'd me of my parent's dear;
Left me to mourn my wretched doom,
And wander friendleſs in deſpair:
Forlorn o'er hills and dales I rov'd,
Depriv'd of ev'ry earthly joy;
At length a ſwain, with pity mov'd,
Made me an humble ſhepherd's boy.

Soon as I view the dawn of day,
To flow'ry plains my flocks I lead;
And whilſt for food my lambkins ſtray,
On ſome lone bank I tune my reed.
Did theſe who bathe in ſeeming bliſs,
Once taſte the ſweets that I enjoy,
They'd wiſh for humble happineſs,
And envy me, the ſhepherd's boy.

When down the weſtern ſky, the ſun
Deſcends, to gladden eaſtern climes,
'Tis then my daily toil is done,
And I to reſt repair betimes.
In ruſtic garb, 'tis true I'm clad:
Yet nothing does my peace annoy;
And tho' my fortune is but ſad,
Still heav'n may bleſs the ſhepherd's boy.

HARK

HARK FORWARD! TANTIVY, HUZZA:

Sung by Mrs. MOUNTAIN.

TO pleaſure let's raiſe the heart-chearing ſong,
While echo repeats the ſweet ſound;
In the prime of our life, whether man, maid, or wife,
'Tis gay pleaſure we hunt through the throng,
And ſweet the reward when ſhe's found.
When bright pleaſure's in view, we all briſkly purſue.
Hark forward! hark forward! huzza!
Tantivy, hark forward, away!

All ages and ſtates will join in the ſong,
While echo repeats the ſweet ſound;
Some in riches delight, ſome few love to fight,
Some the bottle will hunt the night long,
Some ſeek her in ſtudy profound.
When bright pleaſure's in view, we all briſkly purſue, &c.

Then all will delight in the heart-cheering ſong,
While echo repeats the ſweet ſound;
We diff'rently aim, our plan ſtill's the ſame,
While winding our pleaſures prolong,
Contentment by pleaſure is crown'd.
When bright pleaſure's in view, we all briſkly purſue, &c.

IT WAS ONE EVE IN SUMMER WEATHER.

IT was one eve in ſummer weather,
Near to a cliff upon the ſand,
Young Ned and Kate both ſtray'd together,
For love had link'd them hand in hand.

The

The boatſwain hail'd all hands on board;
Ned ne'er repin'd at war or fate:
He anſwer'd to the boatſwain's word,
Tho' torn away from lovely Kate.
For young Ned was true at heart,
And ſcorn'd to rail at war or fate;
Reſolv'd to act a Briton's part,
But ſigh'd to leave his lovely Kate.

A Frenchman's pendant was ſeen flying
Far in the offing, clear in ſight;
Poor Kitty's eyes o'erflow'd with crying:
She knew her Ned was call'd to fight.
"Avaſt," ſays he, "and ceaſe your whining;
"We ſailors have no time to prate:
"Should I ſtand here on ſhore repining,
"I were unworthy lovely Kate."
For young Ned was true, &c.

"May I be keel-haul'd if they find me,
"Like a coward, run a-back;
"Rather than leave that name behind me,
"I'd fight and die upon the wreck.
"But when the glorious action's over,
"Then ſhould my life be ſpar'd by fate,
"You'll find your Ned no changing lover,
"But faithful to his lovely Kate."
For young Ned was true, &c.

THE CROPS.

Sung by Mr. DIGNUM.

YE nymphs and ſwains, attend my ſtrains,
Good-humour prompts the lay:
A lively ſong, and chearful throng,
Will chaſe dull care away.

The

The times have been hard, I allow,
But fate ſmiles propitiouſly now,
And faſhion itſelf denotes plenty.
See all around what crops abound:
For one of laſt year we have twenty;
Fine crops, rich tops, huzza!
What need we fear, this is the harveſt of leap year.

The ladies too, as patriots true,
Flock round the green cloth board,
And ſitting late, to help the ſtate,
Deal out their ſpouſy's hoard;
With arms and with elbows all bare,
No pains to expoſure they ſpare,
Content to be chained round the middle,
With gilded head, like gingerbread,
All follow the card, and the fiddle.
Great haſte, no waſte, huzza!
What need we fear, &c.

If aid like this, through ma'm and miſs,
From recreation ſprings.
If bucks and fops, produce ſuch crops,
We ne'er can want good things.
But ſhou'd glittering belles ſhine in vain,
And cruel informers complain,
To ſtop the fair bank circulation,
Our tax to help, tax ev'ry whelp;
That puppies may prop up the nation.
Bow wow, that how, huzza, huzza!
What need we fear, &c.

THE FEMALE CRYER.

O Yes! O Yes! I've loſt my heart,
Pray tell me if you've found it;
'Tis free from pride, from ſcorn, or art,
Has Damon's name around it.
My heart is conſtant to my love,
As conſtant as the turtle dove.

No heart ſo conſtant, ſoft and true,
Till from this breaſt laſt night it flew.
When Damon danc'd upon the green,
The ſweeteſt ſwain that e'er was ſeen.
Such charms alone my heart could move,
'Tis conſtant as the turtle dove.

O bring me back my heart again,
Or bring me Damon in return;
Attend my call, my cry regard,
And beauty's ſmile be your reward;
And may the fair you fondly love
Be conſtant as the turtle dove.

GATHER YOUR ROSE BUDS.

GATHER your roſe-buds while you may:
Old Time is ever flying;
And that ſame flow'r which ſmiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.

That age is the beſt which is the firſt,
While youth and blood are warmer;
Expect not, then, the laſt the beſt,
The worſt ſucceeds the former.

Then be not coy, nor waſte your time;
But while you're young, go marry;
For, having once gone paſt your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

RIPE CHERRIES.

Sung by Maſter WELSH.

COME buy my ripe cherries, fair maiden come buy:
I ſell them ſo cheap, ſure you cannot deny;
Not for ſilver or gold with a cherry I'll part.
To the ſmile of good humour I'll yield up my heart.—

The true bleeding heart! come buy my ripe cherries,
The true bleeding heart.
Cherry ripe, cherry ripe, come buy my ripe cherries,
The true bleeding heart.

Not beauty alone I think worthy my prize,
Nor the pout of the lips, nor the glance of the eyes;
To the froward, tho' fair, not with one will I part,
To the ſmile of good humour I yield up my heart,—
The true bleeding heart, &c.

My cherries I ſell for the ſmiles of the fair:
Give a poor little boy, O give him a ſhare;
For your kindneſs, dear ladies, a truth I'll impart,
'Tis the ſmile of good humour that wins ev'ry heart.
The true bleeding heart, &c.

STREW THE RUDE CROSSES OF LIFE O'ER WITH FLOWERS.

Sung by Mr. DIGNUM.

THRO' life's rugged voyage each mortal muſt ſail,
Oft toſs'd by the billows of fortune about;
This hour a calm, and the next one a gale,
Makes all of the harbour of happineſs doubt.
Yet amidſt the hard troubles that mankind muſt bear,
The gods have ſent pleaſures to ſweeten our ſours:
For friendſhip and love may defy ev'ry care,
And ſtrew the rude croſſes of life o'er with flow'rs.

Each man in his way muſt encounter rough ſeas,
And buffet with perils and tempeſts of pain;
And ſhou'd Fortune ſmile, ſo uncertain's the breeze,
That man muſt ſtill doubt if it's meant to remain.
Yet amidſt the hard troubles, &c.

The phantom, ambition, oft leads us aſtray,
Then leaves us bewilder'd, quite loſt in the dark;
And often to folly would leave us a prey,
Did reaſon not throw in a luminous ſpark.
Yet amidſt the hard labour, &c.

O LET

O LET MY HARBOUR BE YOUR ARMS, PRETTY POLLY.

Sung by Mr. DENMAN.

FROM north to ſouth, from eaſt to weſt,
I've plough'd the ocean wide;
With fearful danger oft oppreſt,
By warring winds and tide:
The billows roll'd, the ſhip was toſs'd,
My heart was ſunk, my hopes were loſt;
But now return'd and free from harms,
O let my harbour be your arms,
My pretty, pretty Polly.

When whizzing balls around me flew,
My heart wou'd ſink thro' fear;
But rouz'd by one bleſt thought of you,
My life became more dear.
Boldly I fought my country's foe,
And laurel's crown'd thy Harry's brow;
I dar'd all dangers, ſcorn'd alarms,
In hopes to harbour in your arms,
My pretty, pretty Polly.

For you I toil'd, for you I fought;
My thoughts were ſtill on you;
The life I ſav'd, the wealth I ſought,
Had ſtill your bliſs in view.
With ſtore of gold to make you gay,
We'll anchor in ſafe wedlock's bay;
Secure from ſtorms and rude alarms,
O let my harbour be your arms,
My pretty, pretty Polly.

COT PLESS HUR.

Sung by Mrs. MOUNTAIN.

ERE I had grown up to an age,
Allow'd young maids to marry,
Three youths wou'd fain my hand engage,
And tried their ſuits to carry,
Young Paddy firſt put in his claim,
Then Sandy told ſoft tales,
And Taffy, look you, ſung his flame,
And he came up from Wales,
Cot pleſs hur.

Och, I'm the crater, Paddy ſung;
Take me, I tell you, Honey,
Hoot, hoot, cried Sandy, hold your tongue;
I've Taffy, got the money.
Well, I, ſays Taffy, cot no pelf,
But hur will give, look you,
Hur heart and ſoul, beſides hurſelf,
And hur will love moſt true,
Cot pleſs hur.

Now, when I'd well their merits ſcann'd,
To ſtop their further teazing,
I e'en to Taffy gave my hand,
The had to me moſt pleaſing;
And now he's got me for a wife,
So well we both agree,
That few live half ſo ſweet a lie,
As my dear Taff and me,—
Cot pleſs hur.

WHERE'S

WHERE'S THE HARM OF THAT.

Sung by Mrs. FRANKLIN.

'TWAS in the grove the other morn,
Beneath a hawthorn tree,
I ſat, and grieving, ſung forlorn,
Ah! who's ſo ſad as me!
Was it my fate to be a bride,
Two lovers then my chat;
Indeed it's truth, a voice reply'd:
And where's the harm of that?

Abaſh'd, not knowing what to do,
I bluſhing, gaz'd around;
But when the cauſe appear'd in view,
How did my heart rebound!
'Twas Henry, who had lov'd me long.
The youth pull'd off his hat;
He kiſs'd, he preſs'd, then tun'd his ſong;
And where's the harm of that?

Says he, "Sweet girl, 'tis now a year;
"Since we agreed to wed;
"Come let us then to church, my dear,
"And be my bride," he ſaid.
Indeed he look'd and ſpoke ſo kind,
And church was by ſo pat,
That faith he took me in the mind:
And where's the harm of that?

THE WAVES WERE HUSH'D, THE SKY SERENE.

THE waves were huſh'd, the ſky ſerene,
When ſailing on the main,
Ben, from the main-top. view'd the ſcene,
And ſung, in tender ſtrain:

Dear Sall, this picture round my neck
Which bears thy likeneſs true,
Shall e'er my faithful boſom deck,
Which throbs for only you.

Still was the night when laſt on ſhore
We took a parting kiſs,
And warm the vows each other ſwore,
To meet again in bliſs.
A token then my Sally gave:
'Tis this which now I view,
And in my heart ſhall ever live,
Which throbs for only you.

Sweet Sall, wherever I may rove,
Ah! kindly think on me!
And this dear ſemblance of my love
Shall prove I doat on thee.
Wherever bound by night or day,
Still, as the needle true,
My conſtant heart ſhall never ſtray,
Which throbs for only you.

NO, THAT WILL NEVER DO.

Sung by Mrs. FRANKLIN.

WHEN lovers are too daring grown,
Young maidens ſhould beware;
For men, it is for certain known,
Will oft proteſt and ſwear;

But

But virgins, though they kneel and vow,
And each fond art purſue.
No fooliſh freedom ſhould allow,
For that will never do.

My Damon calls me dear, and love,
And ev'ry thing that's kind,
Then vows he'll die to prove his love;
But this I never mind.
Laſt night, he fain would have a kiſs,
Nay, even aſk'd for two;
Dear, ſir, ſaid I, 'twould be amiſs;
O! that will never do;
No, that will never do.

To-morrow, he declares he'll prove,
His love can't be deny'd,
And at the church, each doubt remove,
By making me his bride.
If that's the caſe, what can I ſay?
I'll e'en appeal to you;
Wou'd it be right to anſwer nay?
Pſhaw, that will never do.
No, that will never do.

MY BONNY LOWLAND LADDY.

Sung by Mrs. FRANKLIN.

OF all the ſwains both far and near,
I love but one, believe me,
And he loves me ſincerely dear,
And never will deceive me.

Tho'

Tho' muckle gold he canna' boaſt.
I'll tell my mam and daddy,
Of all the ſwains I love him moſt,
My bonny lowland laddy,
My handſome braw young ſailor lad,
My bonny lowland laddy.

Whene'er the war is at an end,
O, we are to be marry'd,
And Cupid will our cauſe befriend;
For ſure we long have tarry'd.
But, O! the time is coming round,
When deck'd in ſilken plaiddy
In hymen's chains we ſhall be bound,
My bonny lowland laddy.
My handſome braw young ſailor lad,
My bonny lowland laddy.

O! bleſſings on the happy day,
When we ſhall dwell together;
Our lives will ſweetly paſs away,
In every kind of weather.
And ſhould the fates ordain it ſo,
We may be mam and daddy;
And then what raptures we ſhall know,
My bonny lowland laddy,
My handſome braw young ſailor lad,
My bonny lowland laddy.

AIRS, DUETS, &c. in the IRISH MIMIC.

Written by JONH O'KEEFFE,

Performed at the THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDE

AIR.—Mrs. KNIGHT.

I'D fain aſk you a this, but in ſteps a that,
Ah! why did you, truant, away from me go?
Yet, not that I'm curious, but merely for chat!
'Tis only no harm to know it, you know.

What lady detain'd you? I'm ſure ſhe was fair,
Much taller than I am, perhaps full as low:
No buſineſs of mine 'tis—what colour her hair?
'Tis only no harm to know it, you know.

Pray was ſhe demure? or coquetiſhly gay?
The voice of a cherub, or may be ſo, ſo?
Her eyes—I don't aſk whether hazle or grey,
'Tis only no harm to know it, you know.

But one thing, O tell me! No more then impart,
Did'ſt give her what was not your's to beſtow?
Tho' ſure you don't venture to give her your heart,
'Tis only no harm to know it, you know.

AIR.—Mr. M'READY.

AIRS, HOW bitter the moment, with thoſe we hold dear,
When exchanging the tender adieu;
I follow'd you far with my eyes, when a tear
Hid the object I lov'd from my view.

I penſive

I penſive retir'd to forget you; ah, vain!
I found ſolitude cheriſh'd deſpair;
In company ſought relief from my pain:
Your dear image ſtill follow'd me there.

Thro' grove, mead, and garden, I varied the ſcene,
With fond hope ſome repoſe I might find;
But ſtill a lov'd ſpot, where together we've been,
Some lov'd incident brought to my mind.
When I muſe in the grove, there I ſee your dear name,
That I carv'd on the rind of a tree,
In a garden I'm charm'd with a roſe, but the ſame
Whence a flower you preſented to me.

I range thro' the meadows attended by Tray,
Once your's;—his affection is prov'd;
And the linnet's ſweet pipe can bleſt raptures convey,
When he carrols the tune that you lov'd.
By moon light I walk, I enjoy her mild rays,
And this heart-ſmoothing fancy purſue:
I think at the inſtant whilſt on her I gaze,
She then may be look'd on by you.

AIR.—Mr. JOHNSTONE.

I'M the man that can take off every fowl,
From the ſinging lark, to the barking dog.
[*Hark! the lark*, (mimicks) *now the dog.*]
All beaſts I can mimick upon my ſoul,
From the crackling hen, to the grunting hog.
[*The hen* (mimicks) *the hog* (mimicks).

All's

All's food for wit, that fall in my diſh,
Like crowing cock I'm a fine bird-call,
And yet I cannot well mimick a fiſh,
Becauſe a fiſh ſays nothing at all.

BURDEN.

At all jolly parties I make a rout,
I'm call'd for my ſong; for a joker I paſs;
But ſome how or other—I bring it about,
That they all think me a fine jack-aſs.

At Hanover-ſquare, when your concert plays,
Like them I can preſto, piano too, *(preſto, piano)*.
I ſing and I whiſtle with ſo much eaſe,
The black crows neat ſong, and the tight cuckow.
(Lo! the crow; the cuckow).

The ſawing boards, and the drawing of cork,
And water as dropping, drop, drop, drop,
I tune up my pipe, with my great pitch-fork,
At the bottom now, and now at the top.

BURDEN.

At all jolly parties I make a rant,
I'm call'd for my ſong; for a joker I paſs;
But ſome how or other, I bring it about,
The people all think me a fine jack-aſs.

AIR.—Mr. MUNDEN.

OUR joys are all fled,
Ah! alas, and alack!
My friend now lies dead,
And the houſe hung with black.

How

How can his lov'd wife
Her vaſt ſorrows endure:
She's loſt to all life,
As the mutes at the door:

Our handkerchiefs wave,
And our hearts are in dole;
He's laid in the grave,
And we think on the—cole.

With a glaſs of wine we'll cheer our woe
And wipe our muzzy faces,
Then hey! for Doctor's Commons go,
To ſee how there the caſe is.

"I have the fortune," cries one ſon,
"And t'other not a ſouſhi,"
The wife ſings, "kind huſband's gone,
He was a rouſi-ouſhi."

Executors grand!
Now think how they can crib,
Lift plate, houſe and land
To his dear loving rib.

With widow we dine,
All bachelors met,
The hatchment's the ſign,
There's a wife to be

So lonely her—bed!
Her ſad heart ſure will break;
She ſwears ſhe can't wed
In leſs than a—week
With glaſs of wine, &c.

AIR.

AIR.—Mr. FAWCETT.

MASTIERI wasi an Opera ſinger,
Liv'd in alley, call'd Cranboni,
In his ring he wore a finger,
Much he lov'd to munch Bologni!
Sop'd it in vinegarini.
And ſhake over pepperini.
Caro then his mouth he'd open,
With no pia Andrae.
[*Sings in Italian ſtyle.*

In the coffee-houſe Spring-garden,
Signor would no ſpendi farden.
At the Orange take his coffee,
Pianiſſimo drinks off he.
At the bar whips up a jelli,
Reads the news paperelli,
Nice ſallat, if he ſhould eye any,
With peenyo he will buy any.
If it have dandilioni,
Saladini, beetroctini,
Endivini, celerini,
Napkinnini, ſwingidini
Cuto with the knife or forko;
Jaw to worko, draw ſe corko.

Flaſky, glaſki,
Primo, Brimo,
Brinky, winki,
Soko, joko,
As he paſs Hay-marketti,
Horſe in carto there he metti,

Hair-bag full was ſtuffed with hay,
Hungry horſo drag away.
Look like nini,
Ladies grinni,
I approachi,
Call a coachi.

To del waterman throw,
Penny ſi fortiſſimo;
He ſteps in, ſtep up I puto,
On his fingers door I ſhuto,
Squall, whip ſmacko,
Pavement cracko,
Pall-Mall dini,
Cockſpurini,
Up Strandini,
From Sanguini,
Buy pomatum,
For my patum,
Taviſtocko,
For my blocko,
Of Vickeri,
Buy falſe hairi,
Hardaniaſi
Snuff my noſei,
Me a caro,
Temple Baro,
Sauſajeani,
Buy of Longman,
Pretty ſongman;
Signor fill his pockets full,
Sail to Italy backino,
Dere he laugh at Johnny Bull,
In his ſuperfine Caſſino.

AIR.—

AIR.—Mrs. KNIGHT.

MY bluſhes, I muſt with my ſex now forget,
Tho' coy I'm no longer a maid,
In bright burniſh'd gorget a brazen face ſet,
A ball-room ſhall be my parade.
In nice chicken gloves as I gallantly ſtand,
While fiddles for actions prepare,
For dear pas-de deux, give the word of command
And gracefully foot to the fair.
With ha! ha! ha! Fal tal ta! Sa, ſa, ſa!

At meſs with old care in a bumper is drowned,
Let the toaſt give a zeſt to each glaſs,
When Bacchus the temples of Cupid has crowned,
I reel off to my favourite laſs,
"Moſt lovely," ſays I, "O thou witty and fair,
Permit me to play with your fan,"
I'll ſtrut, and I'll ſmile, dem it quite militaire!
'Pon my ſoul I'm a very fine man!
With ha! ha! ha!

DUETT.—Mr. JOHNSTONE.

GIVE Love divine! a merry companion to me,
Then with good wine a very boon couple are we.
Leave no ſpace, your jolly full glaſs:
In your empty glaſs leave no wine:
By drinking this, and high filling that!
We make our noſes ſhine.

Give Love divine! my favourite girl to me;
Then with good wine, a very fond couple are we.

But if ſhe think of another whilſt I
To her my ſoul reſign,
A roſy bumper my heart ſhall cheer!
And make our noſes ſhine.

FINALE.

Mrs. KNIGHT.

LOVE is ever breaking
Laws of his own making,
Tho' his mandates tell us,
We ſhould ne'er be jealous,
Yet what's moſt endearing,
Still to looſe we're fearing.

Mr. JOHNSTONE.

Merry I, ſo you ſing,
Fun our fun producing;
Hearts of care we lighten,
Joyous jokes at Brighton!

CHORUS.

Merry I, ſo you ſing, &c.

Mr. FAWCETT.

Here I've eat fine wheat ears,
Sop'd in ſea my ſweet ears:
Gallop'd South-down mutton,
Tipſey, Steine I ſtrut on!

CHORUS.

Merry I, ſo you ſing, &c.

Mrs. KNIGHT.

Mrs. KNIGHT.

Light is my dragooning,
Sauntring, tripping, tuning!
Captain fierce array'd is,
But to kill the ladies.

CHORUS.

Merry I, ſo you ſing, &c.

Mr. MUNDEN.

I myſelf could kill! ſo
Vex'd I'll make my will tho'
And to one old Saveall,
That's myſelf, I'll leave all.

CHORUS.

Merry I, ſo you ſing, &c.

Mrs. DAVENPORT.

Farewell Peregoric!
Gentle tales of Yorrick
Lull me ſoft to ſlumber!
Sweet delights we'll number.

CHORUS.

Merry I, ſo you ſing, &c.

Mr. JOHNSTONE.

Sweet our moon of honey,
Sweet I'll touch your money;

Then ſo briſk and airy,
Hey for Tipperary!

CHORUS.

Merry I, ſo you ſing, &c.

SONGS, DUETTS, &c. in the BANNIAN DAY,

Written by GEORGE BREWER.

Performed at the THEATRE-ROYAL, HAY-MARKET.

AIR.—Mr. TRUEMAN.

THE man whoſe life is on the ſea,
No harping cares moleſt,
His hopes ſtill freſhen with the breeze,
His thoughts in Nancy bleſt.
The hardeſt fortune he can bear,
Since love his labour charms,
'Tis Nancy's image ſoothes his care,
Tho' abſent from her arms.

His happy boſom knows no ill,
He ſings his cheerful ſong,
While, round, the ſlip his meſſmates fill,
Nor think the mid-watch long.
The helm's-man now he ready ſtands,
With love's ſweet hope impreſt;
The wheel ſtill govern'd by his hands,
The compaſs in his breaſt.

RONDEAU.

RONDEAU.—Miſs LEAK.

HOPE ſtill greets me,
Flatters to deceive me,
Prompt to cheat me;
I'll no more believe thee.
Ever ready to betray,
Vain deluſions paſs away.
Hope ſtill greets me, &c.

Joys more real calm my breaſt,
Virtue ſooths my cares to reſt.
Richer treaſures ſhe'll impart
To the ſelf-approving heart.
Hope ſtill greets me, &c.

SONG.—Mr. WATHEN.

WHEN on board of the Hector I firſt went to ſea,
How the boatſwain did grumble and flog;
I ſwore then no longer a ſailor I'd be,
Till they ſerv'd my allowance of grog.
It was then rough or fair, ſafe moor'd or at ſea,
Going large from the land, or cloſe under the lee;
For to reef or to ſteer,
Or to tack or to wear,
Up the hatchway I'd merrily jog;
While to moiſten my eye,
Miſter purſer, ſays I,
Pray where's my allowance of grog?

Once

Once ſick of a fever a whole week I lay,
From my hammock I hardly could jog:
Juſt like ſome old junk, they had ſtow'd me away,
And ſtopt my allowance of grog.
Keep her full, ſays I boy, or your taken aback,
And the ſharks will be making a meal of poor Jack;
For the doctor's mate ſaid,
He was ſure I was dead;
Till I call'd him an impudent dog.
Hard a ſtarboard, ſays I,
You lubber, you lie;
All I want is my quotum of grog.

AIR.—Mrs. BLAND.

'TIS Polly aſks, can you deny?
Ah! no; you will I'm ſure be kind;
Think, ſhould your little favourite die,
Could you another Polly find?
It is not to be proudly dreſt,
Your daughter humbly bends her knee;
'Tis pity pleads in Polly's breaſt,
Who trembling thus depends on thee.

SONG.—Mr. FAWCETT.

IN my club-room ſo great,
When I'm ſeated in ſtate,
At the head of the table I ſhine;
With hammer in hand,
Zounds! how I command,
As I puſh round the bumpers of wine:

Then after we've toaſted the health of the
king,
Mr. Briſket, the butcher is call'd on to ſing.
Speaks. Sir I'll do my beſt, &c.
Ma chere amie, &c.

Now I wink, and I ſtare
At my next neighbour's chair;
'Tis with you, Sir, a lady to give:
A ducheſs at leaſt,
Muſt now grace our feaſt;
Then the thanks of the room I receive:
Till ſilence is call'd all the table along.
And a bald-pated gentleman ſings us a ſong.
Speaks. I'll try, gentleman, &c.
Time has thin'd my flowing hair, &c.
Then we drink, and we puſh around the bowl
Till a medley, at laſt, ſums up the whole,
Whilſt, ſo pleas'd, all the club-room declare
Bobby Batch is the man for a chair.

DUETT.—Mr. WATHEN, and Mrs. BLAND.

Mr. WATHEN.

COME, Polly, let's be gay,
Love bids us merry, merry be,
Time's bearing toward that happy day,
A pratling babe will grace your knee.

Mrs. BLAND.

Yes, ſurely, I'll be gay, &c.
Heart eaſing,
Sweetly pleaſing's
Hymen's

Hymen's dear, delightful ſtrain!
Without alloy,
Domeſtic joy
Will glad us o'er and o'er again.

BOTH.

Heart-eaſing, &c.

Mrs. BLAND.

When you for ever, cheerly,
Content will bleſs endeavour;

Mr. WATHEN.

We'll love each other dearly
For ever and for ever;
When early morn begins to dawn,
We'll gaily hie to labour;
At ſetting ſun, our labour done,
We'll trip to pipe and tabor:
No ſtore of wealth,
But jocund health,
And competency merely;
No ſpacious dome,
An humble home
With thee I ſhall love dearly!

SONG,—Mr. SUETT.

AT Symmond's-inn I ſip my tea,
Then file a judgment or a plea;
Enrol a deed in ſpecial tail,
Tax the coſts, or put in bail.

Speaks.

Speaks. O, it's a clear caſe, Sir! the defendant's a married woman, pleads her coverture; you'd better not go on; your client will have all the coſts to pay. Will he? well; dam'me, if mine don't, your's ſhall! that's all.

Sings. With ſham plea, and miſnomer;
Nil debit, nulla bona;
Declaration,
Replication;
Fieri facias,
Special capias;
Affidavit,
Devaſtavit;
Clauſum fregit,
Non elegit;
Non eſt factum,
Nu dum pacdum;
Demoratur,
Allocatur;
Ad ſatisfaciendum,
Et reſpondendum.
Should a client aſk advice,
There's ſix and eight-pence in a trice,
Or treat me to dinner,
I make him pay
For all I ſay
So I'm ſure to be the winner.

Speaks. Sir you've certainly merits; I'll ſpeak to Mr. Shark, the plaintiff's attorney; pray Sir, did you knock my client's eye out? No, Sir; we plead a juſtification to the aſſault; then, Sir, we muſt go to trial.

Sings. With ſham plea, &c.

For

For plaintiff or defendant,
If but the fee ſure ſmack,
We never make an end on't,
Till his coat is off his back.

Speaks. Lord, ſir, only a few extra coſts, ſuch as the maſter won't allow; poor devils of clients pay the piper. Rattling down in poſt-chaiſe to the Aſſizes; hackney-coaches to Weſtminſter-hall; my gig on a Sunday; counſel's fees, tavern bills, and travelling expences.

Sings With ſham plea, &c.

AIR.—Mrs. BLAND.

THOUGH the lawyer comes to woo,
Vainly he attempts to ſue,
Or, with his ſoft nonſenſe teaze:
In the ſeaman's ſort of phraſe,
Thus I anſwer all he ſays,
Avaſt, avaſt, ſir, if you pleaſe:
For better I like to be a-board a good ſhip,
When the ſails are all loos'd, and the anchor a-trip;
To hear the tight boatſwain pipe, hoiſt and belay,
While the merry, merry ſailors all ſoot it away.

But ſhould he yet the cauſe purſue,
Still his brief will never do;
For when all his pleadings done,
In the ſeaman's ſort of phraſe,
Thus I anſwer all he ſays,
Avaſt, avaſt, ſir, if you pleaſe,
For better I like, &c.

SONG

SONG.—Mr. JOHNSTONE.

THE firſt of my pranks was at little Ratſhane,
Where love, faith, like whiſky, popt in my brain;
For Ally M'Gulloch, a ſweet little ſoul,
As tall and as ſtrait as a ſhaver-mans's pole.

Spoke. Oh! ſhe was a ſweet creature, with a bloom on her face like a Munſter potatoe. I met her going to market one morning, with a baſket under her arm; where do you come from my dear? ſays I; from Clanterdaffy, ſir, ſays ſhe; and what's your name, my dear? Ally M'Gulloch, ſir, ſays ſhe. Oh! what a ſoft beautiful name.

To be ſure I then told her a piece of my mind,
'Till ſhe left her old dad and the baſket behind.

But ſoon I was dying for Molly Mac Gree,
A ſweet tender ſhoot juſt come up from Tralee;
Oh, ſweet Molly! ſays I, do pray eaſe my pain;
By Saint Patrick, ſays ſhe, ſir, pray what do you mean?

Spoke. Mean! ſays I, why to marry ye to be ſure, my dear. But ye, though I to be ſure I do; what do you think of me, my love? Oh! there's no reſiſting ye, ſays ſhe. We were to be married the next day.

But as the devil would have it, a thick fog came on,
When I look'd for the church, O! I found it was gone.

But morning and night, ſhe was always my plague,
Faith, 'tis time then, ſays I, for to leave off intreague:

So from Cork I ſet ſail in a damn'd open boat,
With ſame caſh in my pocket, two ſhirts, and a coat.

Spoke. We ſail'd ſo plaguy ſlow, that a big ſtorm overtook us. To be ſure I didn't ſwallow a little of the ſea broth; but the worſt of my misfortune was, when I landed there was Molly, Molly Mac Gree, and put into my arms a great, ugly, ſqualling brat, with a head as big as a buſhel of potatoes. What's this? ſays I. 'Tis your own, Teddy, ſays ſhe, and as like ye as two peas. *Teddy be damn'd, ſays I*; take it away, woman; I tell ye, I don't know any thing at all about the matter.

Then to end my intreaguing I went off to ſea,
And bid good morning to Molly Mac Gree.

SONG.—Miſs LEAK.

O LISTEN then, and ſilent feel
A wretched ſtranger's hapleſs lot,
Let pity on thy boſom ſteal,
And ſelfiſh motives be forgot;
Then act a father's tender part,
And raiſe a wretched drooping heart.

O kindly then thy aid extend,
Avert the near impending blow,
Or ſoon alas! my ſorrows end,
Soon the tear ſhall ceaſe to flow;
Then act a father's tender part,
And raiſe a wretched drooping heart.

FINALE.

FINALE.

Mr. WATHEN.

NOW let mirth and joy abound,
Since old care is left aground;
Let us dance, and ſing away,
Whilſt the merry fiddles play.

Mrs. BLAND,

Love can alſo do his part,
To relieve the drooping heart;
The laugh, the kiſs, the am'rous ſmile,
Would old care himſelf beguile.

Mr. FAWCETT.

Bobby Batch too, he will bake
For the bride a wedding cake;
Then at club too, ev'ry night,
Set the politicians right.

Miſs LEAK.

Fortune ſtill the brave ſhall bleſs,
And the worthy meet ſucceſs;
Benevolence extend the hand,
Whilſt peace and plenty bleſs the land.

Mr. SUETT.

Since I'm forc'd to ſay a word,
Let the lawyer-man be heard;

Pray give this verdict in my cauſe,
Public favour and applauſe.

CHORUS.

Pray give this verdict in our cauſe,
Public favour and applauſe.

THE MUFFIN MAN.

SUNG at SADLER'S WELLS.

By Mr. DIBDEN.—Sung by Mr. DIGHTON.

WHILE your Opera ſquallers fine verſes are ſinging,
Of heroes and poets, and ſuch like humgiffins;
While the world's running round like a mill in full ſail,
I ne'er bother my head with what other folks ail;
But careleſs and friſky my bell I keep ringing,
And walk about merrily crying my muffins,

CHORUS.

Lilly white muffins, O rare crumpets, ſmoaking hot Yorkſhire cakes, hot loaves and charming cakes, one-a-penny, two-a-penny Yorkſhire cakes.

What matters to me, if great folks run a gadding,
For politics, faſhion, or ſuch botheration.
Let them drink as they brew, while I merrily bake,
For though I ſell muffins, I'm not ſuch a cake,
To let other fools fancies e'er ſet me a madding,
Or burden my thoughts with cares of the nation.

What

What have I to do with politicians? and as for your parliament cakes—every body knows they are bought and ſold all over the nation—no, no, its enough for me to cry, *Lilly white, &c.*

Let ſailors and ſoldiers contending for glory,
Delight in the rattle of drums and of trumpets,
Undertakers get living by other folks crying,
While actors make money by laughing or dying,
Let lawyers with quiſas and quidditus bore ye,
I'ts nothing to me, while I'm crying my crumpets.

What do I care for lawyers? e'ent I a baker, and maſter of the rolls myſelf—droll enough, too, for a maſter of the rolls to be crying, *Lilly white, &c.*

THE WAITER.

A FAVOURITE SONG,

Sung by Mr. FAWCETT.

AT the very beſt of houſes where the beſt of people dine,
And the very beſt of eatables they cater,
Give the very beſt of ſpirits, and decant the beſt of wine,
I attends as a very merry waiter;
Then a table-cloth can ſpread, next decant my white and red,
Manage matters to a charm, and with napkin under arm,
Can a ſkin flint or jolly fellow tell,
Know whether they'll come down a tiſſy or a crown,
So I treats 'em as I finds 'em, ill or well.

And when noiſy, roaring, drumming, tinkling, jingling, I cries coming,
Coming, coming, coming.

Going in madam; coming up, ſir,—damn the bells! they're all ringing at once.——Coming, coming, coming.

In their merry meetings, why, I always like to ſhare,
Whole bottles, bottles ſometimes broke, why then I ſmack it,
In that I'm quite at home, ſo it travels you know where,
Sally chambermaid and I ſly!y crack it;
She a little fortune's made, juſt by making warm a bed,
So I think it not amiſs, now and then to ſnatch a kiſs,
For you know I like Sally very well,
So hob nobbing as we chat, looking loving, and all that,
In our ears they're ever ringing ſuch a peal,
Tingling, jingling, I cries, coming, &c.

John Devil, ſome biſcuits, and take 'em up to the angel; Tom, take care of No. 21. I ſhall take care of No. 1 myſelf.

A ſnipe there once was order'd, ſuch an article we'd not,
Yet to diſappoint a cuſtomer unwilling,
A plover was ſerv'd up, the gentleman ſwore no bill it had got:
Says I, ſwallow it, I'll ſoon bring the bill in;

Thus

Thus I jokes and gaily talk, while poor maſter jokes with chalk,
And with jingling glaſſes drink, while I jingle in the chink,
'Cod he breaks, and I buy in, who can tell?
Sally miſtreſs then is made, up to every ſervant's trade,
We are certain ſure, your honours, to do well,
Briſk and buſy, no humdrumming,
Tingling, jingling, I cries coming, &c.

James, take of No. 4, and ſee that Sam Cellerman ſends up prick'd bottles, they're a ſhabby ſet, and that we may never ſee them again; Mrs. Napkin, ſhow my lord to the Star and Garter; and lawyer Lattitat to the Devil; he's going there himſelf, ſir, he knows the way very well.

Tingling, jingling, I cries, coming, &c.

IT CAN NEVER BE TRUE.

Sung by Mrs. MOUNTAIN.

HOW oft they tell me, I am grown
Coquetiſh, vain and ſly;
They never let my faults alone.
I know no reaſon why,
They call me vain; I don't deny,
I'm vain of ſmiles from you,
Excepting that, 'tis all a—
It never can be true.
Take pity; I appeal to you,
Is it, is it, is it true?

'Tis

'Tis univerſally allow'd,
Of beauty I've my ſhare,
And that's what makes them call me proud;
'Tis ſhameful I declare.
'Twou'd be ungrateful to deny,
I'm proud of ſmiles from you,
Excepting that, 'tis all a—
It never can be true.
Take pity, I appeal to you,
Is it, is it, is it true?

But let them call me, if they will,
Ungrateful, 'mongſt the reſt;
The guileleſs boſom, conſcious ſtill,
Will ſurely ſtand the teſt.
Ah! no, I never can deſpair,
While bleſt with ſmiles from you;
You ſtand my friend, and I'll take care,
It never ſhall be true.
Take pity, I rely on you,
It never, never, ſhall be true.

GLEE.

WITH HORNS AND HORNS IN CHORUS.

WITH horns and hounds in chorus,
Let's uſher in the day,
The ſport's exceeding glorious;
Ariſe, make no delay;
Now the ſtag is rous'd before us,
Come, come, come, come, come away.

GLEE.

GLEE.

SOME WIVES ARE GOOD.

SOME wives are good, and ſome are bad,
Methinks you touch us now;
And ſome will make their huſbands mad,
And ſo will my wife too,
And thy wife, and thy wife,
And ſo all wives will do.

Some women like to breed diſcord;
Methinks you touch us now;
His wife has always the laſt word,
And ſo has my wife too,
And thy wife, and thy wife too,
And ſo all wives do.

Some wives are mild, when they've their will;
Methinks you touch us now;
And ſome will clack, clack, like a mill,
And ſo will my wife too,
And thy wife, and thy wife too,
And ſo all wives will do.

GLEE.

COME LIVE WITH ME AND BE MY DEAR.

COME live with me and be my dear,
And we will revel all the year;
In plains and groves, on hills and dales,
Where fragrant air breeds ſweeteſt gales,

There

There ſhall you have the beauteous pine,
The cedar and the ſpreading vine,
And all the woods to be a ſcreen,
Leaſt Phœbus kiſs my ſummer's green.

The ſeat of your diſport ſhall be,
Over ſome river, in a tree,
Where ſilver ſands and pebbles ſing,
Eternal ditties to the ſpring.

SONG.

WHY is love ſo paſt defining?
Tell me, Reaſon, Chloe, cry'd.
Cupid on his bow reclining,
Heard the nymph, and thus reply'd;
'Tis not Reaſon, can inform thee,
Learn from me, and ſhot a dart.
Does no ſecret paſſion warm thee?
Yes, ſhe cry'd, 'tis in my heart.

THE BRAES OF KILLICRANKY O.

Sung by Mrs. MOUNTAIN.

ALONG the berks where ſtreamlets glide,
And wimple ſweet and fanſy O,
I'll gang my ways, whate'er betide,
To pleaſe my love, and, Fanny O.
Young Sandy cries, dear laſs, I'll be
Your conſtant love, and thank ye O;
Gang o'er the broom, gang o'er the lea,
To the braes of Killicranky O.

He ſings of truth and conſtant love;
My Sandy is no rover O;
As he all hearts wi joy can move,
So he's a conſtant lover O.
His oaten pipe he plays wi ſkill,
By willows green and danky O;
Inviting ane ſa kindly ſtill,
To the braes of Killicranky O.

Let maidens, of a ſilly mind,
Say nothing when the're loving O?
Young Sandy's offers true and kind,
His truth and honour proving O.
I have a purſe well ſtor'd with gold;
Dear lad, I love, and thank ye O.
I'll bring a heart, ne'er bought or ſold,
To the braes of Killicranky O.

SONGS in the Muſical Entertainment of the LOCK and KEY.

AIR.——Mr. INCLEDON.

WHEN Britain, on the foaming main,
Her native reign,
Bids her ſons their rights declare,
Soon as her fires have taught the foe
Again to know
Who their dauntleſs conqu'rors are,
The ſailor's boſom ſwells with joy
Beyond the glory to deſtroy,
He feels the power to ſave;
And, conqu'ring, views a foe no more
him who fought his life before,
But lifts him from the wave.

Tho'

Tho' ſeas are rolling mountains high,
Our boats we ply:
'Tis a fellow-creature falls!
See him raiſe his hands in fear,
And, wond'ring, hear
The cheering voice that life recalls.
The ſailor's boſom, &c.

AIR.—Mr. FAWCETT.

WHAT a woman is like to—but ſtay,
What a woman is like, who can ſay?
There's no living with, or without one.
Love ſtings like a fly,
Now an ear, now an eye,
Buz, buz, always buzzing about one.
When ſhe's tender and kind,
She is like to my mind,
(And Fanny was ſo, I remember.)
She is like to—O dear!
She's as good very near
As a ripe melting peach in September.
If ſhe laugh, and ſhe chat,
Play, and joke, and all that,
And with ſmiles and good humour ſhe meet me,
She is like a rich diſh
Of ven'ſon or fiſh,
That cries from the table, "Come eat me:"
But ſhe'll plague you, and vex you,
Diſtract and perplex you;
Falſe-hearted and ranging,
Unſettled and changing —

What

What then do you think ſhe is like?
Like a ſand! Like a rock!
Like a wheel! Like a clock!
Like a clock that is always at ſtrike.
Her head's like the iſland, folks tell one,
Which nothing but monkies can dwell on;
Her heart's like a lemon ſo nice,
She carves for each lover a ſlice;
In ſhort ſhe's to me
Like the wind, like the ſea,
Whoſe raging will hearken to no man.
Like a mill,
Like a pill,
Like a flail,
Like a whale,
Like an aſs,
Like a glaſs,
Whoſe image is conſtant to no man!
Like a flower,
Like a ſhower,
Like a fly,
Like a pye,
Like a witch,
Like the itch,
Like a thief,
Like—in brief,
She's like nothing on earth but a woman.

AIR.—Mrs. MARTYR.

E'ER ſince I found true-love beginning,
And thought his hand was worth the winning,

I call'd each little artful aid in,
To ſave the queſtion from a maiden:
To wake or ſhow
When aſk'd to go,
I ſtill denied
All lads beſide,
And pray'd of Ralph to carry me;
It ſeem'd ſo pat,
In tender chat,
To whiſper, "Fanny, will you marry me?"

In ev'ning fute, and ſummer weather,
When o'er the fields we walk'd together,
Tho' I can trip it like a fairy,
I've oft pretended to be weary;
Then leaning on his arm awhile,
I ſlily aſk'd him with a ſmile,
"I'm tir'd—pray, will you carry me?"
But on the way
He ne'er would ſtay
To whiſper, "Fanny, will you marry me?"

DUETT.—Mr. FAWCETT and Mrs. MARTYR.

Ralph.

HEY! dance to the fiddle and tabor,
And none ſhall have reaſon to laugh at his neighbour,
Our wedding ſhall follow ſoon after.
Fal de ral, lal de ral, la!
Wits and philoſophers,
Scholars and conjurors,
Stateſmen and miniſters,
Judges and counſellors,

Doctors

Doctors and barriſters,
Biſhops and chancellors,
Great dukes and emperors,
Mitred and crown'd,
All have danc'd to the fiddle and tabor,

an ny. Hey! dance to the fiddle and tabor,
Fal de ral, lal de ral, la!

Welcome each laſs, and ſhake hands with each neighbour.
How little care I for their laughter,
Fal de ral, lal de ral, la!

Sunday and holiday,
Working and wearing day,
Feaſting and jolly day,
Singing the merry day,
Rainy or fair the day,
Never know care a day.
Happy we'll ev'ry day live the year round,
Dancing oft to the fiddle and tabor,
Fal de ral, lal de ral, la,

Ralph. I'm maſter, and rule houſe and table.
Fanny. I'm miſtreſs, and you may rule me if you're able.

Ralph. Who maſter,
Fanny. Who miſtreſs,
Both. We'll ſettle ſoon after.
But now we'll ſing, fal de ral, la!

Ralph. I'll make you jealous, and romp with the petticoats.

Fanny. I'll kiſs the fellows, and flirt with the pretty coats.

Ralph. I'll not ſubmit to it,

Fanny. Yes, you'll ſubmit to it,

Both. Spite of your wit,
To it.
I'll keep my ground.
Fal lal de ral, lal de ral!

AIR.—Mrs. SERRES.

COULD I bid the fond paſſion to ceaſe,
Which ſo long ev'ry thought has employ'd,
Or cou'd moments reſtore the ſoft peace,
Which the anguiſh of hours has deſtroy'd,
From my love I wou'd chearfully, chearfully part:
But alas! it lies deep—Ah! deep in my heart.

AIR.—Mr. INCLEDON.

COME, all ye jolly ſailors bold,
Whoſe hearts are caſt in honour's mould,
While Engliſh glory I unfold,
Huzza to the Arethuſa!
She is a frigate tight and brave,
As ever ſtemm'd the daſhing wave.
Her men are ſtaunch
To their favorite launch;
And when the foe ſhall meet our fire,
Sooner than ſtrike, we'll all expire
On board of the Arethuſa.

'Twas

'Twas with the ſpring fleet ſhe went out,
The Engliſh Channel to cruiſe about,
When four French ſail in ſhew ſo ſtout
Bore down on the Arethuſa.
The fam'd Belle Poule ſtraight a head did lie;
The Arethuſa ſeem'd to fly:
Not a ſheet or a tack,
Or a brace did ſhe ſlack,
Tho' the Frenchmen laugh'd, and thought it ſtuff:
But they knew not the handful of men how tough
On board of the Arethuſa.

On deck five hundred men did dance,
The ſtouteſt they could find in France:
We with two hundred did advance
On board of the Arethuſa.
Our captain hail'd the Frenchman, "Ho!"
The Frenchman then cried out "Hallo!"—
"Bear down, d'ye ſee,
"To our admiral's lee."
"No, no," ſays the Frenchman, "that can't be."—
"Then I muſt lug you along with me,"
Says the ſaucy Arethuſa.

The fight was off the Frenchman's land.
We forc'd them back upon their ſtrand;
For we fought till not a ſtick wou'd ſtand
Of the gallant Arethuſa.
And now we've driven the foe a-ſhore,
Never to fight with Britons more,
Let each fill a glaſs
To his favorite laſs:
A health to our captain, and officers true,
And all that belong to the jovial crew
On board of the Arethuſa.

THE VILLAGE FESTIVAL.

Written and ſung by Mr. ROMER.

THIS day the ruſtics reſt from labour,
And, their pleaſures to enhance,
To the ſprightly pipe and tabor,
On the village green they dance.
To the ſprightly, &c.
To the ſprightly, &c.

The ſhepherds they,
With hearts quite gay,
The ſhepherds, &c.
And ſprucely dreſt,
All in their beſt,
With pleaſure join the rural train:
While ev'ry laſs,
Conſults her glaſs,
Adorns her face,
With ſtudied grace,
In hopes to captivate ſome ſwain.

The fiddles play, the jeſt goes round,
While others merry ſtories tell;
And hark, the bells in merry ſound,
Proclaim the village feſtival.
Proclaim, &c.

See Simon Clod with Giles his neighbour,
In their Sunday clothes are dreſt,
And to their ſprightly pipe and tabor,
Jig and foot it with the beſt;

While

While Ralph and Nick,
And ploughman Dick,
With Will and Bob,
And farmer Hob,
All join the laſſes on the green,
With ribbands blue,
See Kate and Sue
Along with Jane,
And charming Nan,
The foremoſt in the dance are ſeen,
The fiddles play, &c. &c.

Each cheerful jokes it with his neighbour,
While they, to the cheerful ſound
Of the ſprightly pipe and tabor,
Nimbly dancing beat the ground,
From ſorrow free,
With mirth and glee,
The ſhepherd's they,
Make holiday,
And gayly revel, dance, and ſing;
As thus with joy,
The time th' employ,
The feſtive day,
Steals blythe away,
Each hour flies on pleaſure's wings.
The fiddles play, &c.

THE MODERN LOVER.

Written and ſung by Mr. ROMER.

THO' Bridget cannot boaſt of charms
That might enthral a lover's heart,
Yet ſtill I court her to my arms,
And act the whining lover's part.
Yet ſtill, &c.

And

And tho' ſhe ſquints with either eye,
To that no one can have objection;
For when from them love's glances fly,
My Bridget kills in each direction.
My Bridget, &c.
And what enhances ſtill her worth,
And makes her ſweet as Hybla's honey;
It is not beauty, 'tis not worth,
But the dear girl has got the money.

Altho' in Bridget's face 'tis true,
No winning ſmiles eternal play,
And tho' her cheeks are tawny hue,
And all her locks are turn'd to grey;
Yet ſtill her charms for me ſuffice,
For think not I'm one of thoſe ninnies,
Who prize the luſtre of bright eyes;
Give me the luſtre of bright guineas;
And tho' ſhe's quite an ugly fright,
Humpback'd, with crooked noſe ſo funny;
Yet ſhe's got that which puts all right,
The dear old ſoul has got the money.

And tho' to vex, 'twere her delight,
With temper e'er perverſe and ſour;
While her ſhrill tongue from morn till night,
One torrent of abuſe ſhould pour;
Yet am I ready at her call,
Whene'r my fair will chooſe to marry;
For patient I'll ſubmit to all,
Sooner than my ſuit miſcarry;
For in my love there is that worth,
That makes her ſweet as Hybla's honey;
It is not beauty, 'tis not birth,
The dear old creature's got the money.

THE

THE SENTIMENTALIST.

By Mr. COLLINS.

NOW we're launch'd on the world,
With our ſails all unfurl'd,
'Fore the wind, down the tides proudly poſting,
May the voyage of life,
Free from tempeſt and ſtrife,
Prove as calm as a ſmooth water coaſting;
But ſhould ſome ſudden ſquall, incidental to all,
Rouſe up reaſon to reef ev'ry ſail, boys,
May it be your's and my lot to have ſuch a pilot,
When paſſion increaſes the gale, boys.

For to what point ſoe'er
Of the compaſs we ſteer,
While the helm ſtill obeys our direction;
'Tis as true as the light,
That the ſports of the night
Will ne'er ſhrink from the morning's reflection.
And when reſt or refreſhment ſucceeds work or play,
Of enjoyment from both to be certain;
May true friendſhip's hand draw the cork ev'ry day,
And true love ev'ry night draw the curtain.

But blow high or blow low,
Let it rain, freeze, or ſnow,
And clay cold and wet ſhould our birth be;
The lamb newly ſhorn,
Shews the blaſt may be borne,
Let our ſtation on ſea or on earth be,

And

And as poor Robin Redbreaſt will chirp on the ſpray,
Almoſt ſtripp'd by the froſt of each feather,
May a conſcience as clear as the ſun at noon-day,
Keep us warm in the coldeſt of weather.

THE SIEGE OF TROY.

By Mr. COLLINS.

I Sing of a ſiege that has made greater noiſe,
Than the ſturdy old rock of Gibraltar, my boys;
And where the Greek ſons higher honors did gain,
Than was loſt by the bluſt'ring Dons of proud Spain,
When young Helen, the wife of the monarch of Sparta,
Who always contended for love's Magna Charta,
To keep up the gig which her head ran upon,
Was reſolv'd to indulge in a little *crim con.*

As the dame choſe with Paris to take her full ſwing,
Her lover and ſhe hopp'd the twig, and took wing,
And they landed at Troy, where they ſoon got at odds
With the gods and the Greeks, and the Greeks and the gods,
So for war they prepar'd, and to loggerheads fell,
And they cut and they ſlaſh'd one another pell-mell,
While the deities all took their leave of the ſky,
Each reſolving a finger to have in the pye.

Tho' Juno had got the beſt end of the ſtaff,
Venus took up the cudgels in beauty's behalf,
While Mars look'd as bluff as Bellona look'd blue,
And their godſhips were all in a ſtrange hubbub boo.

But

But Pallas who ſprung out of Jupiter's knob,
In her cunning contriv'd an unmerciful job,
For ſhe whipp'd into Diomede's duds in a trice,
And kill'd Trojans as faſt as a cat kills the mice.

Achilles too back'd by his myrmidons all,
Gave ſwaggering Hector a whack of a fall;
And then round the ramparts his carcaſe did trail,
Like a dog with a canniſter tied to his tail;
While Ulyſſes, ſo crafty at cutting of throats,
Stuff'd a horſe full of men as you'd ſtuff him with oats,
For his inſide altho' he'd an outſide of wood,
Held an hundred fine fellows of ſtout fleſh and blood.

But at night the grim devils got out of their hole,
And down in the ſtreet by a ladder they ſtole,
Arm'd with brimſtone and matches, and torches and tinder,
Reſolving to burn ev'ry ſoul to a cinder.
Old Priam, the king, then jump'd out of his bed,
While the queen in a fright clap'd a clout on her head,
And inſtead of a robe in an old blanket clad,
Ran about and cried, fire! as if ſhe was mad.

But Æneas, who 'ſcap'd with his ſire and his ſon,
Like an Iriſhman full of his frolic and fun,
While the houſe was in flames, cried the comical codger.
"Sure 'tis nothing to me for I'm but a lodger!"
And for Helen, ſhe manag'd the matter ſo well,
That her ſpouſe had his horns like a ſnail in a ſhell;
For a phœnix in beauty ſhe ſtill rul'd the roaſt,
And without being burnt was always a toaſt.

SWEET

SWEET SUGAR CANDY.

Sung by Mr. JOHANNOT.

DEAR Judy my granny, was fond of the ſweets,
And ſhe knew all the virtues of ſugar ſo well;
That for puddings and pies, ſour crout, or ſweetmeats;
Aye, and choice apple dumplings ſhe bore off the belle.
And then for preſerving ſhe'd got ſuch a name,
And at toſſing a pancake was always ſo handy,
That my granddaddy took her to better his fame,
And ſhe us'd to call him her ſweet ſugar candy.

And faith, ſure enough ſhe had reaſon to be ſweet upon him, for his breath ſmelt as agreeable as the ſtench of a gin barrel, with his whack fal lal lal, de ral la ral lal, lal de ral. Whack fal lal lal de ral la ral lal la.

For granny ne'er thought granddaddy was wrong,
So ſhe call'd him her ſugar-plumb ſweet, and what not;
Then ſhe patted his cheek, and ſhe ſung him a ſong,
And bade him not make quite ſo free with the pot.
But granddaddy ſome how forgot what ſhe ſaid,
And in lifting the pot to his head was ſo handy,
That by ſome means or other he drank himſelf dead,
And ſo there was an end of her ſweet ſugar candy.

Och, Murphy, ſays ſhe, and are you dead now, what a pity it was that you made ſo free with the pot, when we were living together ſo very comfortably.
With our whack fal lal, &c.

Poor Judy, my granny, was now left alone,
And the boys in Kilkenny all pitied her caſe:
Till ſhe caſt a ſheep's-eye on one Paddy Machone,
So he led her to church, and the parſon ſaid grace:
And Judy and Paddy ſo well now agree;
For granny's a houſewife ſo loving and handy,
That he ſwears, och, ſhe's all barley ſugar to me,
And ſhe chriſten'd him, och, her dear ſweet ſugar candy.
With a whack, fal lal, &c.

Sung by Mr. JOHNSTONE, *in Three and the Deuce.*

OH! wonders that grow in Kilkenny ſo clever!
I mend the brains weakneſs, how ſtrong 'tis ſoever:
My dumb, blind, and deaf, when they hear the lame walking,
Run ſpeechleſs with joy to behold themſelves talking,
For bother o'pother,
From one to the other,
I cure all complaints, whether little or great o',
With a tune of my brogue, and a touch of potatoe.
Ach hone! Mavrone!
Pillaluh!

The fame of my credit in Ireland has ſuch been,
No ſenſes were found till by me they had touch'd been,
'Twas own'd by all ranks, whether peer, cit, or peaſant,
None went farther before, who came after at preſent,
For bother o'pother, &c.

But vainly I hold out the light of all learning,
Unleſs the ſmall wick of the brain I'm diſcerning;
If blind then to reaſon I force them to view it:
If I beat them not with it, I beat them into it.
For bother o'pother, &c.

THE BOTTLE COMES ROUND SO FAST.

Sung by Mr. JOHNSTONE.

YOU may talk about drinking of claret and wiſky,
A jolly companion may term a mere toper!
Since a ſup of the creature firſt render'd me friſky,
Bad luck to my glaſs! But I ne'er could keep ſober.

Let it be what it might,
By ſunſhine or moonlight,
So cleverly pleaſant the toping time paſt;
That to riſe up from table,
I never was able,
Till tipſey—the bottle came round ſo faſt

When I pleaſantly breath'd in the land of potatoes,
Quite jolly one day, I determin'd ſo neatly,
To keep myſelf ſober among the ſweet creatures;
So roſe, juſt before I was knock'd up completely.
But on bidding good bye,
Juſt to whet t'other eye,
Dough-a-duros, a drink at the door I muſt taſte.
As there was no denying,
They found me complying
And tipſey—the bottle came round ſo faſt.

At

At a ſnug monthly club, were we always meet weekly.
They've white-waſhed the wall all red over with bruſhes
Becauſe it was obſarved by myſelf moſt obliquely,
Our features look'ſt faireſt when covered with bluſhes,
Here we talk and we drink,
And leave others to think:
Oh! the brave jolly moments I with them have paſt!
And tho' quite a full table,
To riſe I'm unable,
Till tipſey;—the bottle came round ſo faſt.

One day in my cups, I was merrily roving.
A friend took my part, ſays he, Pat why your'e tipſey?
Arrah! where have you been, now, and where are you going?
You've dined out—drank hard, and are quite non ſe ipſe!
Says I pratting elf——
No, I dined by myſelf,
The way to keep ſober I plann'd out at laſt;
But to riſe up from table,
'Till drunk I wan't able,
Becauſe that—the bottle came round ſo faſt.

PADDY O'BRIAN.

By Mr. UPTON.—Sung by Mr. JOHANNOT.

WHEN I was firſt kitten'd it was at Kilkenny,
And a brat ſuch as me, och, there never was any,

And the truth is my father ſuſpected my mother,
For the devil a bit was I like one or t'other;
Och rub a dub, row de dow, Paddy O'Brian,
To be ſure I'm in nature as tame as a lion,
Och, the world never ſaw ſuch a Paddy O'Brian.

That my mother was kind, and my mother was tender,
By my ſoul I've more reaſons than one to remember?
For to ſharpen my ſtomach, and brighten my wit, ſir,
Sure they left me to live upon what I cou'd get, ſir.
Och, rub de rub, row de dow, Paddy O'Brian,
My mam is a goat, and my dad is a lion,
And I'm the devil's own Paddy O'Brian.

That my parents are given to living genteely;
Och, that can't be a doubt, ſo I'll tell it you freely,
For if one daddy dies I've ſtill got another;
And ſo I'm the baſtard of one or the other,
Och, &c.
By my ſoul that my mother was rather a ſly one,
To get—blood and zounds, ſuch a Paddy, &c.

IRISH SCHOOLMASTER.

Sung by Mr. JOHNSTONE.

PRAY look on me, Sir, then gueſs my vocation;
I'm ſchoolmaſter here, and I teach the young boys,
I ſquat in my chair, and ſuch curſt botheration,
Enough for to deafen a drum with their noiſe.

This

This lad you here ſee—You've a hole in your
ſtocking,
Why, ſir, he's my uſher—Pho, boy, where's
your bow?
How neatly he ſtands!—with your elbows out
cocking!
What a mannerly child!—to kick up like a cow!
Then, ſir, he can write,
Your ſoul he'd delight
With his A. B. C.
With his B. C. D.
And his fal, lal, la!

The boys bring me corn when their daddies are
reaping,
They cypher ſo famouſly all on their ſlate!
I lock up their books, juſt to teach them book-
keeping,
Tho' ſhut now his mouth, ſir, that cur's full of
prate:
In ſhort of my youth's I'm a noble commander,
Fine horſes I make out of young ragged colts,
On Sunday, before 'em I walk like a gander,
And they all hop after like gay turkey poults.
Then, ſir, they can write,
Your ſoul they'd delight
With their A. B. C.
And their B. C. D.
And their E. F. G.
And their fal, lal, la!

WE ALL LOVE A SUP IN OUR TURN.

By Mr. CONNELL.—Sung by Mr. JOHANNOT.

Tune—*Chapter of Kings.*

A Sup of good whiſky will make you glad,
Too much of the creature will make you mad;
If you take it in reaſon 'twill make you wiſe;
If you drink to exceſs 'twill cloſe up your eyes:
Yet father, and mother,
And ſiſter, and brother,
Will all take a ſup in their turn.

Some preachers will tell you to drink is bad,
I think ſo too—if there's none to be had,
The ſwadler will tell you to drink none at all,
But while I can get it a fig for 'em all.
Both layman, and brother,
In ſpite of their pother,
Will all, &c.

Some doctors will tell you 'twill hurt your health,
And juſtice will ſay 'twill reduce your wealth;
Phyſicians and lawyers will all agree,
When your moneys all gone they can get no fee.
Yet ſurgeon, and doctor,
And lawyer, and proctor,
Will all, &c.

If a ſoldier is drunk on his duty found,
He ſoon to the three legg'd horſe is bound;
In the face of his regiment obliged to ſtrip,—
A noggin will ſoften the drummer's whip,

For

For ſerjeant and drummer,
And likewiſe his honour,
Will all, &c.

The Turks who arrived from the port ſublime,
They told us that drinking was held a great crime;
Yet after their dinner, away they ſlunk,
And tippled their wine, till they got quite din.
The Sultan and Crommet,
And even Mahomet,
They all, &c.

The quakers will bid you from drink abſtain,
By yea and by nay, 'tis a fault in the *vein*;
Yet ſome of the *broadbrims* will get to the ſtuff,
And tipple away till—they've tippled enough.
For ſtiff rump and ſteady,
And Solomon's lady,
Would all, &c.

The Germans will ſay they can drink the moſt,
The French and Italians will alſo boaſt;
Hibernia's the country for all their noiſe,
For gen'rous drinking and hearty boys.
There each jovial fellow,
Will drink till he's mellow,
And take off his glaſs in his turn.

THADY O'ROURKE.

Sung by Mr. FAWCETT.

SOME run after the buck and the doe,
Some a fox will ſet galloping,
Some will chaſe a hair puſſey ſo,
Chevy their horſes ſides walloping.
Gentlemen

Gentlemen guzzle up claret wine,
Ale in my throat will run ripple down,
Ladies tea-talk like a parrot fine,
O, my goat's milk is the tipple down.
Step out, beſt leg, and cry, come body,
When I look ſmart, give me joy for it;
Genteels ſhall find that I'm ſomebody,
Thady O'Rourke is the boy for it.

My goat he's fond of ſkipping high,
Dance he ſhall at the Haymarket:
My kid ſings ſo top-tipping, why
Not ma-ma ſweetly as they lark it.
Ditches a good nag brings us over,
Dogs thro' all troubles will follow man.
If long beards make a philoſopher,
Then is my goat a wiſe Solomon.
Step out, beſt leg, &c.

Ruffles ſhall o'er my knuckles dab,
Blue ſilk waiſtcoat, I'll dreſs in too,
I'll Yemon's big ſilver buckles nab,
And a compliment leſſon too.
Step out beſt leg, &c.

THE TAYLOR's VINDICATION; OR, ALL MANKIND TAYLORS.

Sung by Mr. JOHANNOT.

A Taylor I am you may ſee,
But not for my trade ſhall I bluſh, Sir,
For all are but taylors like me;
Which ſoon you ſhall find, do but huſh, Sir,
Wherever

Wherever I turn round my eye,
I ſee ſigns of thread and of thimble,
If you pleaſe now the matter I'll try,
My work to complete none ſo nimble.
Needleum—threadleum dee.
Needleum threadleum ſtuddle—dee,
Mankind are all taylors like me,
And of cabbage all equally glad'll be.

The ſailor hot preſſes in war,
The ſoldier French jackets will trim, Sir,
The ſurgeon will ſtitch up your ſcars,
The jailor too tight fits your limbs, Sir,
The grocer for buttons ſells figs,
The ſerjeant oft meaſures recruits, Sir,
The parſon for cabbage takes pigs, Sir,
The lawyer cuts out your new ſuits.
Needleum, &c.

The dancer thus croſſes his legs;
The landlord like us has long bills, Sir,
The tinker your jobs often begs;
The quack he fine-draws you with pills, Sir
The butcher cuts out for the taſte,
Men-milliners work at their needle,
Gamblers whip round your pockets in haſte,
Pleaders work at their ſuit if they're fee'd well,
Needleum, &c.

Pawnbroker's take in all your cloaths,
The baker for dead men is jobbing,
An exciſeman he cabbaging goes;
And drunkards ſew up with hob nobbing.

The poets fag end is his rhyme,
The doctor ſuits cures to his fees, Sir,
The jokey oft runs againſt time.
While the boxer to baſte you agree, Sir.
Needleum, &c.

The painter's make cloaths as you pleaſe,
Undertakers make all your ſurtouts, Sir,
The cobler's own ſhop board's his knees,
Gard'ners ſow for their cabbage and fruit, Sir.
The cook lines the body within,
The barber he fits to a hair,
Players fag your kind favor to win,
Of which I hope to have ſhare, Sir.
Needleum, &c.

THE LOVING QUAKER.

By Mr. Croſs.—Sung by Mr. BLANCNARD.

Tune—"*What can the Matter be.*"

VERILY ah! how my heart keepeth bumping,
A pendulum againſt my tough ribs loudly thumping,
Or a mouſe in a rat-trap, that's to and fro jumping,
'Tis truth now by yea and by nay!
And it's umph! umph! what can the matter be,
Umph, umph, what can the matter be,
Mov'd by the ſpirit ſo, what can the matter be,
Ephraim, thou'rt going aſtray,
Yea, marvellous 'twas, when mine eyes firſt went roving,
From meek ſiſter Sarah towards vanity moving,
I found a profane one it was I was loving.
'Tis truth, &c. 'Twas,

'Twas folly's vain garment, the maid ſmil'd ſo good in,
Yea, ſilk hoſe and pumps on the pavement ſhe ſtood in,
Which ſtir'd up my zeal, as you'd ſtir up a pudding.
'Tis truth, &c,

When I, yea and nay ever pronounce to deceive her,
May I bow down my body to take off my beaver,
I would cheriſh the maiden for ever and ever,
By yea and nay thus much I own,
And 'tis umph, umph, what can the matter be,
Umph, umph, what can the matter be,
I verily long to know what can the matter be,
When ſhe is bone of my bone.

NOTHING BUT A PLACE.

By Mr. CROSS.—Sung by Mr. WATHEN.

I Fell out with my feather, 'bout ſome 'at or other,
He gave me a douſe, call'd me quarrelſome elf,
So I bid un good bye, and without any pother,
Com'd plump up to London to better myſelf.
For tho' pipe and tabor,
Oft cheer'd after labor,
When rigs we were running dad run ſuch a race!
So to make matters eaſy,
Thinks I, an't pleaſe ye,
I want's but juſt nothing—that's only a place.

So

So I met with a friend when I reach'd London city,
And ax'd him his ſervice moſt kindly to grant,
Cod he told me, my journey was nought but a pity,
In town ſcarce a body but had the ſame want.
Phyſicians, ſays he, ſir,
Want patients and fees, ſir.
The patients want health, limb, and plump ruddy face,
Your great folks I read it,
Want honor, and credit.
And patriots ſomething next door to a place.

Look at 'vertiſements filling the front of the paper,
Plague take um, ſuch wants as are ſcarce to be borne!
Young heirs at the death of their dads to cut capers,
The wife to wear weeds, and the huſband to mourn.
Old ladies, young fellows,
And reaſon, the jealous;
Tho' truly their dames are oft wanting of grace.
The courtier plain dealing,
The church-warden feeling,
And open-mouth'd ſenators bawl for a place.

Cod it ſeem'd all ſo queer, I wur all in a flurry;
Their wonderful wants quite me comical ſtruck
For, adds he, undertakers want bodies to bury,
Rogues pockets to pick; gamblers pidgeons to pluck.
So I tipp'd off my noggin,
And homeward came jogging;
For certain I there ſhould have got in diſgrace,
For I found out, ad rot it!
Thoſe who hadn't got it,
Wou'd go to the devil to get un a place.

THE

THE PEDLAR.

Sung by Mr. MUNDEN.

MERRY laſſes draw near, I'm a Pedlar ſo gay,
Juſt popp'd here to pay you a viſit;
Commodities pleaſing and ſmart I diſplay,
Come out with your money—where is it?
What! what! pretty maidens! you all gather round!
How pleas'd and how ſmirking you are,
But which to admire, have your pretty looks found,
Is it me, my pretty maids, or my ware?
For, look! I've got ribbons and laces,
And patches to ſet off your faces;
You'll all look like ſo many graces,
When deck'd out by me I declare!
And then, I've of bugles and beads ſuch a ſhew!
Befitting the fineſt fair lady:
Beſides, only look, I'm a bit of a beau,
Now an't I? ſo ſpruce in my pladdie?
With my tol de lol, lol, &c.
You all like a merry Scotch laddie.

SHAKESPEARE's SEVEN AGES,

PARAPHRASED.

By Mr. COLLINS.

OUR immortal Poet's page,
Says that all the world's a ſtage;
And that men with all their airs,
Are nothing more than players;

Each uſing ſkill and art,
In his turn to ſtop his part,
All to fill up this farſical ſcene O!
Enter here,
Exit there,
Stand in view,
Mind your cue.
High down, ho down, derry derry down.
All to fill up this farſical ſcene O!

Firſt the infant in the lap,
Mewling, pewling, with its pap.
Like a chicken that we truſs,
Is ſwaddled by its nurſe;
Who to pleaſe the puppet tries,
As it it giggles and it cries.
All to fill, &c.
Huſh a bye,
Wipe an eye,
Kiſse pretty,
Suck a titty.
Oh! its mamma's nown darling—ſee here's dad-
's nown noſe poſe—and granny's mouthe mouthe
(cries like child)—huſh,—you little ſqualling
rat—or I'll fling you—High down, &c.

Then the pretty babe of grace.
With his ſhining morning face;
And ſatchel on his back,
To ſchool alas! muſt pack,
But like a ſnail he creeps,
And for bloody Monday weeps,
All to fill up, &c.
Book miſlaid,
Truant play'd,

Rod

Rod in pickle,
Bum to tickle.

You great loggerhead of a dunce—ſays Maſte
Lingo—ſpell that word again—B-i-r—Bur-m-i
n-g—ming—Birmingh-h-a-m—ham' Birmingha
—Oh, you ſtupid dunce, I ſhall never beat a
thing into that thick ſkull of yours; 'tis *Brumig*
—I tell you once more—take that—*cries*—w
your High down, &c.

Then the lover next appears,
Souſed over head and ears;
Like a lobſter on the fire,
Sighing ready to expire;
With a large hole in his heart,
Thro' which you may drive a cart.
All to fill, &c.
Beauty ſpurns him,
Paſſions burn him;
Like a wizard,
Guts and gizzard.

Oh! my dear—my adorable—my lovely,
angelic—Kliza—ſuffer me thou paragon of be
—thou terreſtrial charmer, to approach thee—
High down, &c.

Then the ſoldier ripe for plunder,
Breathing ſlaughter—blood and thunder,
Like a cat among the mice,
Kicks a duſt up in a trice,
And talks of ſhattered brains,
Scattered limbs, and ſtreaming veins.
Fight and fly,
Run or die,
Pop and pelter,
Helter ſkelter,

Oh! ſuch a bloody day; there was I marching along up to my knees in blood—Cannon balls flying about like—Cock-chafers in a ſummer's evening—whiz! comes one in a direct line to me—but I being aware of him—I up with my broad ſword, and cut it in two—one half flew into the air, and t'other—

High down, &c,

Then the juſtice in his chair,
With broad and vacant ſtare:
His wig of formal cut,
And belly like a but,
Well lin'd with turtle haſh,
Calipee and calipaſh.
All to fill, &c.
Bawd and trull,
Pimp or cull;
At his nod,
Go to quod.

Sirrah, isn't your name John Day?
Yes, an't pleaſe your worſhip, ſo they ſay.
Pray, did you get the girl with child in the barn?
Yes, an't pleaſe your worſhip, I tho't no harm.
Why, you raſcal do'e come here to make rhymes?
Yes, an't pleaſe your worſhip ſometimes.
Take this fellow away—take him out of my ſight;
That's what I wanted—ſo I wiſh you—
High down, &c.

In the ſlipper'd pantaloon,
Of life's dull afternoon;
With ſpectacles on noſe,
And in youthful hoſe.

His

His voice once big and round,
Now whiſtling in the ſound.
All to fill, &c.
Body bent,
Vigor ſpent,
Shaking noddle,
Widdle waddle.

Ah! Lord bleſs you all my dear children, many a long day I have travelled in the rough and ſmooth road of life—and do remember when honeſty and induſtry—were rewarded—but now bribery and corruption choaks up the ſeeds of merit—but 'tis—
High down, &c.

At laſt to end the play,
Second childhood leads the way;
And like ſheep that's got the rot,
All our ſenſes go to pot.
So death among us pops,
And down the curtain drops.
All to fill, &c.
Then the coffin,
We move off in,
While the bell,
Tolls the knell,
Of high and low down into the cold ground,
All to fill, &c.

THE

TOAST MASTER's COMPANION.

MAY the poetic genius of Great Britain never want encouragement.
May a virtuous heart in diſtreſs always find a friend.
May we always ſteer clear of the rocks of misfortune.
May peace and proſperity crown the iſle of Britain.
May the general toaſt of every Briton be—liberty, property, honour, and juſtice.
May ſorrow never add a wrinkle to our brow.
May we never inſult the misfortunes of others.
May mirth, reaſon, and good humour always be conſtant viſitors.
Agriculture, Navigation, and Trade.
Friendſhip without intereſt, and love without deceit.
Health to the ſick, honour to the brave, riches to the poor, and freedom to the ſlave.
Love without luſt, and friendſhip without intereſt.
May our paſſions never overturn our reaſon.
May we live in pleaſure and die out of debt.
May friendſhip draw the cork, and love the curtain.
Wit without acrimony, and mirth without riot.
May we always be bomb-proof againſt villainy.
May we ſtrive to avoid the law as we do the devil.
May the devil never pay viſits abroad, nor receive company at home.
The heart that feels, and the hand that gives.
Comfort to the afflicted.
The girl of my heart.
A bumper to the beauty of the Britiſh fair.
The inſide of a houſe, and the outſide of a jail.
May the enſigns of health long be hoiſted on Windſor caſtle.
Paſſy to the hand of the aſſaſſin.
The road of honour, through the plains of virtue.

May

May the lovers of the fair ſex be ever modeſt, faithful, and fond.
Each lord his laſs, and honour bind them all.
Emulation in virtue, and emigration to vice.
May honeſty never have poverty for a companion.
May the ſun of liberty pierce the gloom of our priſons.
May the ſons of freedom be united to the daughters of virtue.
May the ſmiles of the fair reward the efforts of the brave.
The honeſt tar, who ventures life and limb.
In courtſhip, love before money.
The wooden walls of Old England.
Proſperity to the brave.
Food for the poor, and grace to the rich.
May the miſeries of war never more be felt in our land.
Love for love, a bottle, and a kind miſtreſs.
May beauty in diſtreſs always meet a liberal protector.
May calumny fall aſleep, and that ſleep prove eternal.
May the rights of Great Britain never be invaded by foreigners.
May all inconſtant wives be ſent to *Coventry*.
May a virtuous wife never know the want of a good huſband.
May real merit never go unrewarded.
Mirth, wine, and love.
Life, love, liberty, and true friendſhip.
May the induſtrious never want employment.
May liberality always triumph over covetouſneſs.
May the tear of ſenſibility never ceaſe to flow.
May the hinges of friendſhip never ruſt.
May the conſtant heart meet with a faithful companion.
May the bankrupt laws ſoon become uſeleſs in Great Britain.

May every married lady reſemble Charles James Fox, have a quick conception, and a happy delivery.
May the ſingle be married, and the married happy.
May we always have a friend at hand in time of diſtreſs.
May we never be nonſuited in the court of love.
Sincerity before marriage, and fidelity afterwards.
The roſe of pleaſure without the thorn of pain.
Valour without cruelty, and virtue without hypocriſy.
May the liberty of the preſs never be ſtifled by the hands of corruption.
May reaſon be the pilot when paſſion blows the gale.
May loyalty flouriſh for ever.
May the ſowers of ſedition meet their reward.
The Royal Charlotte and her female crew, happineſs to them.
The huntſman's deer that does not wear horns.
The blind ranger of Buſhey Park.
Their Majeſties and the Royal Family.
Wives honeſt, and widows modeſt.
Worth in our hearts, wealth in our houſes, and wiſdom in our heads.
May wars ceaſe, and commerce flouriſh.
The citizen of the world.
A ſpeedy deſtruction to the ſlave-trade.
The girl we love, and the friend we dare truſt.
May the journey thro' life be as ſweet as it's ſhort.
Annihilation to the trade of corruption.
Church and king.
Confuſion to the enemies of liberty.
Long live the king that ſeeks his people's love.
May the whole world be one city, and all the inhabitants be preſented with its freedom.
Speedy downfall to all tyrants.
The king and the firſt collar he had round his neck.
May humanity ever actuate the conqueror.

A girl to my mind, true, conſtant and kind.
Mrs. Brown at the bottom of Snow-hill.
May true patriotiſm ever triumph over falſe pretenſions.
May happineſs and contentment ever attend the throne.
Liberty all over the world.
Comfort to the afflicted.
Long life to the king and confuſion to his enemies.
May each man behold in his neighbour a brother.
A brave Britiſh Jury.
A full, fair, and free repreſentation of the people.
The birth-day of our liberties.
The king and all the royal family.
Fall tyrants, fall!
May the morning of our lives entitle us to a calm evening.
May meanneſs never accompany riches.
Peace and plenty all over the world.

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W. H. HARDING Bib. Bod.